

PARTHENOPHIL *U, u^t*

SONNET XVIII,



RITE ! write! help! help, sweet
 Muse! and never
 cease!

In endless labours, pens and paper
 tire! Until I purchase my long
 wished Desire. Brains, with my
 Reason, never rest in peace!
 Waste breathless words ! and breathful sighs
 increase! Till of my woes, remorseful, you
 espy her; Till she with me, be burnt in
 equal fire. I never will, from labour, wits
 release! My senses never shall in quiet rest;
 Till thou be pitiful, and love alike ! And if
 thou never pity my distresses;
 Thy cruelty, with endless force shall
 strike Upon my wits, to ceaseless
 writs addrest! My cares* in hope of
 some revenge, this lesses,

SONNET XIX.



MPERIOUS JOVE, with sweet lipped
 MERCURY ;

Learned MINERVA ; PHOEBUS, God of
 Light;
 Vein-swelling BACCHUS; VENUS, Queen of
 Beauty;
 With light-foot PHOEBE, Lamp of silent
 Night: These have, with divers deities
 beside,
 Borrowed the shapes of many a mortal
 creature;
 But fair PARTHENOPHE, graced with the
 pride
 Of each of these, sweet Queen of lovely
 feature ! As though she were, with pearl
 of all their skill,
 By heaven's chief nature garnished.
 She knits
 In wrath, JOVE'S forehead; with sweet
 noting quill,
 She matcheth MERCURY, MINERVA'S
 wits j In goldy locks, bright TITAN ;
 BACCHUS sits
 In her hands conduit pipes; sweet
 VENUS' face;
 DIANA'S leg, the Tyrian buskins grace.